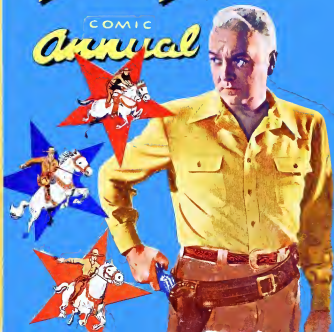


# Bill Boyd

WESTERN

COMIC  
*Annual*



BILL BOYD

*Western Annual*

(Featuring the famous Hopalong Cassidy)

L. MILLER & SON, LIMITED

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**IN** HERDS OF CATTLE DISAPPEAR WITHOUT LEAVING ANY TRACE BEHIND THEM! WHAT HAPPENS TO THE STEERS? WHERE DO THEY GO? BILL BOYD, TWO-FOOTED, QUICK-SHOOTING RIDER OF THE PLAINS, SEEMS TO FIND THE ANSWER...AN ANSWER THAT HEADS HIM ALONG A TRAIL WHICH IS STAKED OUT WITH SIGNS LEADING TO **BOOT HILL!**

## ROUND UP TIME

The brown bear is known as the clown of the forest, and is found in nearly all wooded areas of North America. Bears usually travel and hunt at night, often raiding farms and ranches for food. They eat anything that comes to hand, including fruit, grubs, ants, and sometimes sheep and cattle.

Bear cubs are schooled in the ways of the forest as soon as they are old enough to get about. The mother bear is a good teacher and often cuts her pawing for misbehaving.

Indiana hunting on the vicinity of a mother bear with her cubs, often had to kill her for their own protection. No animal in the forest could match her ferocity when protecting her young. After killing the mother the task of capturing the cubs was no small matter, and often the bears were scared and scotched in the process.

After being fed in the villages some cubs soon became tame, and were the delight of children as pets. If play got too rough the children found that the cubs could dish it out as well as take it.

RIDING THE RAUGE ONE DAY, BILL LOOKS BAYWARD!

A KITE! I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE IN A LONG TIME! SUPPOSE WE TAKE A LOOK!



WHY IT'S A YOUNG BOY! IT SWANNED HIS OF THE DAYS WHEN I USED TO DO THE SAME THING!

IT'S A LOT OF FUN DOING THAT. ISN'T IT, SON? WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, I USED TO CLIMB A HILL TO SEE HOW HIGH I COULD MAKE IT GO! THAT'S A STRANGE LOOKING SITE, THOUGH!

YES, SIR---IT IS! I FOUND IT NEAR LEO BUNKER'S SHACK! BUT IT FLEW GOOD! I WANTED TO PULL IT IN, BUT MY SISTER WILL BE WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO ME IF I DON'T GET BACK BOOK!



Suddenly--

IT--IT'S -ED BUNKEL!

YOU BLASTED BRAT! I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK FOR TAKING THAT KITE!



I WINNED YOU ONCE BEFORE THAT YOU COULDN'T TOUCH IT! I'LL TEACH YOU--

A-BUT HE BUNKEL--IT WAS LYING SOME DISTANCE FROM YOUR SHACK! I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT IT ANY MORE! THE WIND MUST'VE BLOWN IT AWAY AND--



WELL, SIR, GOING TO LEARN YOUR MOR--

EASY, MISTER! I'M SURE THE YOUNGSTER DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! HE DIDN'T HURT THE KITE! NO NEED TO GET SO RUED UP OVER IT!



WHO'S ASKING YOU TO MIDDLE IN THIS, HORSE! MAYBE I OUGHT TO START IN ON YOU---



SWISH!





BOON AFTERNOONS AT AN ADJACENT RANCH --

THIS IS BORDEN'S SPREAD! HE AND MISS KAY WERE PLANNING TO GET MARRIED UNTIL HE HIRED SHORTY AND TATE! HE WAS LOSING A LOT OF STEERS TILL THEY JOINED HIS OUTFIT!

LOOKS AS IF HE'S GOT A NEW STOCK NOW! BUT LINGER KIND OF RUDER AND THE WRONG WAY! I GUESS YOU MIGHT SAY WE TOOK A MUTUAL OBSCURE TO EACH OTHER!

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME, SHERIFF?

RIGHT, TWO! I SUPPOSE YOU HEARD ABOUT THAT RANGER GETTING IT IN THE BACK YESTERDAY!



WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME, SHERIFF?

THE SHERIFF THINKS WE DID IT TATE! AND HE BROUGHT BILL BOYD ALONG FOR PROTECTION!

IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU GUN-SLINGERS LONG TO RECOGNIZE HIM, I SEE! HE'S GOING TO KILLER, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO SHOOT MEN IN THE BACK!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON US!

WELL, BOYS! THE SHERIFF IS JUST TRYING TO RILE YOU INTO DOING SOMETHING HE CAN HOLD YOU FOR!

I DON'T CARE WHAT POLICE SAY ABOUT SHORTY AND TATE! I'D RILE THEM JOINED MY OUTFIT. I WAS LOSING AS MUCH CATTLE AS THE BAR JAY Q! BUT I HADN'T LOST A STEER SINCE THEY'RE HERE!

HAWH! THAT FELLOW DRINKS HIS GUM FUNNY! AND FROM WHAT I HEARD OF THEM, PLODGING A MAN IN THE BACK WOULD BE IN THEIR LINE OF WORK!



I RECKON KAY BELIEVES THE WORST OF ME --- AND NOW I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY ELSE THinks! YOU'RE WELCOME TO LOOK OVER MY STOCK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOYD? LOSE YOUR TONGUE? YOU AIN'T SAID MUCH SINCE YOU CAME!

I'LL TALK WHEN I'M READY!



WELL, A LITTLE TIRED OF ALL THIS PALAVER. BOSS! HE AND SHORTY ARE GOING TO HUNT SOME STRAYS!

I NEVER THOUGHT TO SEE THOSE TWO HALLING TO ACT AS GUARDS AGAINST RUSTLERS, SHERIFF!

WHAT'S THE ANSWER, BILL? WHAT'S THE ANSWER?





AS THEY NEAR THE BAR-JO'S SPREAD...

LISTEN...SHOOTING  
COMING FROM  
THE SPREAD!

LET'S GO, SHERIFF!

BANG  
BANG  
BANG



IT'S THE RIFTLERS, AND THE  
VAMPIRE'S ARE MARKED!



IT'S THAT  
JASPER  
BOYD!

BANG

THAT DRAW...!  
IT LOOKS LIKE...

WATCH IT, BILL! THOSE  
STEERS ARE STAMPEDES!



BUT SUDDENLY, A STIRRY BULLET CREASES BILL'S  
HEAD!

OHMMH!

BANG!



NIGHTMARE!  
OUT OF HERE,  
MEN!

BEE! BEE! THE CATTLE --!  
GREAT JUMPING HORNSPOON!  
HE'S LYING RIGHT IN  
THEIR PATH!



THE EARTH QUIVERS UNDER THE POUNDING OF THE MARCHING  
STEERS AS THEY STAMPIDE IN TERROR! HELPLESS,  
BILL LIES IN THE PATH OF CERTAIN DEATH! CAN ANYTHING  
BE DONE TO SAVE HIM? READ CHAPTER 2 OF  
**VANISHING HERDS!**

WINDY  
NO  
DOP  
PER

AND "THE  
SORE  
ARM."

HEY, WINDY-- YO'RE  
JEST THE HOMBRE I WANT  
TUH SEE! I'M FEELING KIND  
OF BLUE TODAY! IF YUH  
CAN MAKE ME LAUGH  
WITH ONE OF YO'RE TALL  
TALES, I'LL GIVE YUH  
FIVE BUCKS!

WHAT! YUH'LL GIVE  
ME FIVE BUCKS IF I  
CAN MAKE YUH LAUGH  
WITH ONE OF MUH TALL  
TALES! IT'S A DEAL!  
HYAR GOES!

"I DECIDED TUH GO TUH A DOCTOR  
'BOUT IT --"

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO  
WHEN I WUZ IN THE SILVER  
TERRITORY, I HURT THIS  
HYAR FINGER AND IT WUZ  
SWOLLEN EN SOMETHING  
AWFUL!

THIS HYAR DOC  
QUACK JEST  
MOVED INTUH THIS  
TOWN. I RECKON  
I'LL BE HIS FIRST  
PATIENT!

DR. QUACK

HOWDY, DOC! MUH  
FINGER'S SWOLLEN!

LET  
ME SEE  
IT!

RACING  
FORM

IT'S NOTHING! JEST GO  
HOME AND PUT IT IN HOT  
WATER FER 'BOUT TEN  
MINUTES THREE TIMES  
A DAY! IT'LL  
BE FINE!

I'M SHORE  
GLAD TUH KNOW  
THAT!

THAT'LL COST YUH  
TWO DOLLARS!

HYAR IT IS!  
AND THANKS!

I WENT RIGHT HOME AND PUT MUH FINGER IN HOT WATER, JEST LIKE THE DOCTOR SAID, BUT THE NEXT MORNING --



HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

(GROAN) MUH WHOLE HAND IS SWOLLEN TODAY, AND IT PAINS ME SOMETHING AWFUL!

LET ME SEE!



IT'S NOTHING! GO HOME AND PUT IT IN HOT WATER!

HUH? BUT I DID THAT YESTERDAY AND IT GOT WORSE!



THAT'S NOTHING! GO HOME AND PUT YORE WHOLE HAND IN HOT WATER -- AS HOT AS YUH CAN STAND IT -- AND IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

(GROAN) OKAY, DOC! I'M GLAD TUH HEAR THAT! I WUZ GETTING A LITTLE WORRIED!

I WENT HOME AND BATHED MUH WHOLE HAND IN VERY HOT WATER, JEST LIKE DOCTOR QUACK SAID! BUT THE NEXT MORNING --



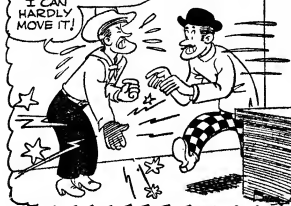
(GROAN, GROAN) TODAY MUH WHOLE ARM IS SWOLLEN AND FULL OF PAIN! (GROAN) IT'S SO BAD I CAN HARDLY MOVE IT!

REALLY? LET ME TAKE A LOOK AT IT!



(GROAN) I'M POWERFUL WORRIED! IT'S GETTING WORSE EVERY DAY! FIRST IT WAS ONLY MUH FINGER, THEN MUH HAND, NOW MUH WHOLE ARM!

STOP FRETTING! IT'S NOTHING!



ALL YUM HAVE TUN DO H-  
DO HOME AND PUT YORE  
ARM IN BOILING HOT  
WATER FOR TWO HOURS!  
THAT'S ALL AND IT'LL  
BE FINE!

REALLY? SEE,  
THANKS, THAT'S  
A LOAD OFF  
MUH MIND!

"I RAZED BACK HOME AND PUT MUH ARM  
IN BOILING HOT WATER--"

(GROAN) I GOT MUH ARM IN BOILING  
HOT WATER, BUT IT FEELS WORSE  
THAN EVER! (GROAN) IT'S SWELLING  
UP MORE THAN BEFORE!

"AT THAT MOMENT MUH SIX-YEAR-OLD  
NEPHEW HAPPENED TUN WALK IN!"

HOWDY, UNCLE  
WINDY -- HUNT?  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

(GROAN) MUH ARM IS  
SWELLIN' SOMETHING  
AWFUL! I'M BATHING  
IT IN BOILING HOT  
WATER!

DON'T DO THAT! YUM  
SHOULD USE **COLD** WATER --  
AS COLD AS YUM CAN STAND!

Yip  
oo

"I WUZ SO DESPERATE I DECIDED  
TUN TRY MUH LITTLE NEPHEW'S  
ADVICE --"

"AND BEFORE I KNEW IT--"

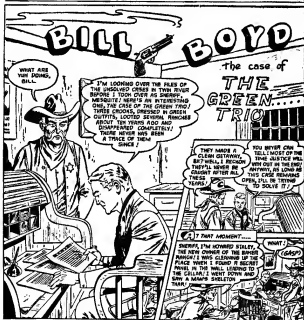
(GRR) WAIT TILL I GET  
THAT DOC QUACK!

JEFFERS! THS ICE COLD  
WATER FEELS GREAT!

WHAT! THE SWELLING  
IS ALL GONE! MY ARM  
DOESN'T PAIN ANY  
MORE! I FEEL FINE!







## ROUND UP TIME

No one knows when the buffalo first appeared on the broad plains of the West. This shaggy animal provided food, shelter, and clothing for the large Indian population of the Plains. Countless millions of buffalo ranged from Mexico to Canada in ever-moving herds.

The buffalo is huge, and fierce in appearance, but in reality is very timid and apt to stampede at the first sign of danger.

Always trailing the buffalo herds was the wolf-pack, ready to spring on stragglers and pull them down. Terrified calves were easy prey.

The Indian of the Plains came to depend on the buffalo for most of his economic needs. Hunting the huge beast became his daily occupation. Using bow and arrow or spear for the kill.

But the buffalo was doomed soon after the white man appeared—with buffalo guns and a good price for buffalo hides.







MAYBE CRAWLEY WAS A MEMBER OF THAT GANG! LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THIS CHEST! /FOUR! IT'S FILLED WITH MONEY AND JEWELRY! THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY STOLE!

YUH MEAN THEY NEVER RAN OFF WITH THEIR HAUL?



APPARENTLY NOT! THIS REALLY IS A MYSTERY! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIGURE IT OUT! ALL THE LOOT IS HERE, AND SO IS ONE MEMBER OF THE GANG --OR HIS SKELETON, ANYWAY! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER TWO? WHY DID THEY LEAVE THE MONEY HERE? MAYBE THEY WERE TRAPPED HERE, TOO!



NO, THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF THEM! THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT IS THAT CRAWLEY WAS THE LEADER OF THE GAMB trio AND THE OTHERS DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS SECRET PLACE!



AFTER CRAWLEY WAS TRAPPED IN HERE AND DIED, THE OTHER TWO MUST HAVE THOUGHT HE SHIPPED WITH THE LOOT AND THEY PROBABLY SENT IT OUT OF TOWN LOOKING FOR HIM!

THAT SOUNDS LIKELY, BILL.



IF THAT'S THE CASE, THOSE TWO GADGERS ARE STILL AT LARGE! BUT I RECKON IT'D BE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND --(GASP) LOOK! THE SECRET PANEL IS CLOSING!

(GASP) WE'LL BE LOCKED IN HERE! WE'LL DIE JUST LIKE THAT HORROR!



STALEY IS RIGHT! UNLESS I CAN STOP THE PANEL FROM SHUTTING FAST, WE'LL BE DOOMED!



(GASP) IT WAS ONLY A FEW INCHES TO GO! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO LEAP THE REST OF THE WAY AND GET MY FINGERS IN THE DOOR BEFORE IT CLOSES!













IT'LL BE WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME! I'LL PASS WORD ON TO ALL THE ADDICTS IN RIVER TOWN AND THEY'LL PAY ANY PRICE FOR THIS STUFF!



1 WEEK LATER...

IS ANYTHING THE MATTER, BILL?



IM AFRAID SO, MESSGUTH! I JUST GOT A WIRE FROM THE GOVERNOR ASKING WHERE THE SOLDIERS ARE! THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE A FEW DAYS AGO!



SOMETHING BAD MUST HAVE HAPPENED! IM GOING TO CHECK THE ROUTE THEY TOOK THROUGH THE HILLS TO SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME TRACE OF THEM!



THE FAMED BILL BOYD REFUSED TO THE HILLS AND IT HAPT LONG BEFORE HE FINDS THE BULLETHOBBEN BODIES OF THE SOLDIERS!

WHAT THE! THEY'VE BEEN SHOT TO DEATH! IT'S OBVIOUS WHAT HAPPENED! SOMEONE MURDERED THEM AND RUINED THE DOPE!



THAT MEANS THE DOPE MESSAGE IS BACK AGAIN! UNTIL THIS RUTHLESS KILLER IS CAUGHT, MORE VICTIMS WILL BE PRAYED UPON AND CONTAMINATED!



BUT WHO COULD IT BE? EVERYONE IN THE DOPE RING WAS CAPTURED! IT'S SOMEONE ELSE WHO KNEW ABOUT THE DOPE AND WANTS TO PROFIT FROM IT! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING! I'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL I GET SOME LEAD!



ON A FEW DAYS, THAT LEAD IS FORTHCOMING!

BILL! WE GOT SOME SHOCKING NEWS! I WAS CLEANING OUT THE BUNGHOUSE ON MY BEACH AND I FOUND SOME DOPE HIDDEN UNDER A LOOSE BOARD IN THE CORNER!



ONE OF MY HANDS MUST BE TAKING THE STUFF! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT SO WE CAN TRY TO MAKE HIM TELL US WHO SOLD HIM THE DOPE! THEN WE CAN GO AFTER HIM AND SWAMP THE VICIOUS RACKET AT THE SOURCE!









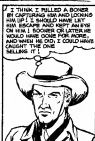


I'LL TAKE HIM TO JAIL, AND AFTER HE COMES TO, I'LL TRY TO MAKE HIM TELL ME WHO'S BEEN SELLING THE DOPE TO HIM!



LATER— I'LL NEVER TELL YOU WHO SOLD ME THE DOPE! NEVER! IF I DID AND YOU CAUGHT HIM, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET ANY MORE!

HHNNNN!



I THINK I PULLED A BONGER BY CAPTURING HIM AND LOCKING HIM UP! I SHOULD HAVE LET HIM ESCAPE AND KEPT AN EYE ON HIM! SOONER OR LATER HE WOULD HAVE COME FOR MORE, AND WHEN HE DID, I COULD HAVE CAUGHT THE ONE SELLING IT!



ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU'LL STAY IN HERE UNTIL YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!

NO! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME DOPE! I'VE GOT TO!



WHEN YOU'RE READY TO TALK, CALL ME!

HOW? BOYD FORGOT TO LOCK THE CELL DOOR! WHAT A BREAK! AS SOON AS HE GOES INTO THE OFFICE, I'LL BREAK OUT!

SLAM!



SO THE GREAT BILL BOYD MAKES MISTAKES, TOO! TURNING TO HIM, I CAN GET OUT OF HERE! AND THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS GET SOME DOPE!



HAS BILL BOYD REALLY MADE A MISTAKE?

THESE HE GOES! HE FALL FOR AN SCAM! HE REALLY THOUGHT I FORGOT TO LOCK THE CELL!



BUT I PURPOSELY LEFT THE DOOR OPEN SO HE COULD ESCAPE AND LEAD ME TO THE DOPE SELLER! THAT'S UNDOUBTEDLY WHERE HE'S HEADING!















# BUZZARD'S TRAIL

By John Martin



**D**OC KENWORTH, town doctor of High-dog, put down his glass of milk. The rest of the men around the bar in the Slabside Saloon looked up. Doc was glancing up the window and down the street. And the look on his weather-beaten face was familiar.

"Bud Kitchner!" murmured Keever Todson. "Keep your shirts on," Doc said. "Maybe Jim Blazer's not in town this mornin'?"

"He sure is," Bill Cordon said.

Doc walked away from the bar.

"Got to attend to business, boys," he said.

"Just how did it start, Doc?" Bill Cordon asked. "I mean, how come two old friends hate each other like Bud and Jim?"

"There were three of them," Doc said. "Three pards. Old Kit Trig, Bud Kitchner and Jim Blazer. Old Kit owned a spread, and when he died he left it to Bud and Jim. Jim was named first and Kit's will said Jim was to get the lion's share, includin' the spread. Bud just got a few thousand. I figger Kit thought Bud was too fast and loose to hold onto more. And he was right. Bud spent his money like water."

"Thunderation!" Keever exclaimed. "Here comes Jim now, down the other side of the street!"

Doc doubled round the back way to his office, which was just a few steps down the street. He grabbed his medical kit and stepped into the street, already deserted except for Bud and Jim. Passersby had ducked into doors and alleyways. Doc walked to the middle of the road.

Bud Kitchner, tall and rangy and hard-bitten, with a hawk's look to his face, let his hand drop toward one of his hog-legs.

"Easy, Bud!" Doc called out. He swung back the flap of his long, Prince Albert coat. A tin-star blazed suddenly, for Doc, besides being a medico, was also Deputy Sheriff.

"I'm not aimin' to kill anybody, Doc," Bud said lamely.

"Not today or any other day?" Jim Blazer said hotly from the other side of the street. The two ex-friends auntered toward each other, tense. Doc patted one of his hog-legs with a free hand.

"Keep your blood pressure down, boys," Doc said. "You'll live longer."

Jim Blazer turned a sour eye on Doc.

"You leave town for a couple of days and take that tin-star with you, Doc. I'll settle this business once and for all!"

"Well, now, that's just what I'm not doin'!" Doc said. "I'm bound to keep the peace around here, and . . ."

"Stop jawin', Doc!" Bud said. "This is an affair between old pards and none of yours. Pards!" he spat sarcastically and turned to Jim. "Livin' high these days, Jim? Doin' pretty well with the spread?"

"If you hadn't been such a worthless, good-for-nothin' and showed some sense, Kit might have split it even between us!" Jim said.

"But as it is, you've grabbed it for good!" Bud said angrily. His hands twitched toward his guns.

"Uh-huh!" admonished Doc gently.

Bud snorted and passed on. He got on his cayuse which was tethered to a post near the end of the street and rode out of town.

Jim walked on, after telling Doc he had some business at the bank. Then he, too, rode out of town. That was the last anyone saw of him, for at least a week.

Jim Blazer's disappearance had the town buzzing. He'd been expected in town the day after he'd quarrelled with Bud but had failed to show up. When a week had passed, Doc, both in medical and legal capacity rode out to Jim's spread. The house was empty. Just as Doc finished his inspection and decided that the place had been uninhabited for as long as Jim had been missing, Bud Kitchner rode up the trail.

"The boys in town told me Jim disappeared," he said. "Too bad!" Bud laughed, looked round the ranchyard and yawned. "Yeah, too bad. What's the law on my movin' in, Doc. Kit's will said I'd inherit if Jim died. You figger he's dead?"

Doc considered a minute.

"Just because a man's disappeared, don't mean he's dead," Doc said dryly. "At least, not at first!" He looked keenly at Bud. "I guess you can move in, Bud, since you're the legal heir—supposin' Jim's dead." Doc scratched his chin and grinned. "'Course, if Jim shows up alive, he'll beat you out!"

"How about Jim's account at the bank in Hightog?"

"That's a different matter," Doc replied. "The law generally states that you've got to have a corpse delicti to prove death. In other words, you've got to have a corpse. Or, if you haven't got the body, you have to wait seven years before you can inherit the ranch and money."

"Seven years?" Bud exclaimed in dismay.

"If a man stays disappeared seven years, he's legally dead in most states, includin' this one!" Doc said firmly. "But not until seven years are up!" Doc got on his cayuse. "That's how long you'll have to wait, if Jim stays disappeared. So don't sign your name to anything of Jim's, cause it won't be worth a coot's ear." He left Bud and rode off.

When Doc got back to his office, he went into his back room to get some tobacco and light a pipe. He glanced carefully over the flame of the match through the window, off toward the north horizon. Then something up there caught his eye. He stared for an instant and jumped.

Doc didn't wait, after that. He hurried over to the Salabride Saloon. Bill Cordon and Keever Tedsen were sitting in front, whistling.

"I've got a hunch about Jim Blazer," Doc said. His two friends went wide-eyed. "And I want you two galoots to come with me out to Glassy Butte."

"What for?" Bill Cordon asked. "Glassy's just a high rock. You'd have to be a horsefly to work up an interest in it. Besides, there's no way up to the top." He paused. Then sighed. "Okay, I'll be a horsefly."

Keever Tedsen nodded assent. He followed Bill and Doc to their cayuses. Then Doc led the way out to Glassy Butte. He took a round-about route.

"You tryin' to avoid somebody?" Bill asked, finally.

"That's right," Doc said. "Providin' somebody shows up."

They left their cayuses a couple of thousand feet from the butte, hidden in deep underbrush. At the foot of the butte, they stared up at the shiny, varnished surface that gave the butte its glassy name. It looked unscalable as it always had. Bill Cordon shook his head, but Doc circled round it. He came back, smiling.

"I always thought you could get to the top of the butte, if you looked hard enough," Doc said. He led the way. There was a small, narrow, jagged cleft, ridged with rough, natural ledges, going up. It was hidden by vines that grew up most of the butte's face.

"What you expect to find up there?" Keever asked Doc, as he struggled up the cleft behind him.

Doc grunted.

They emerged into a typical-butte-top hollow, with gently sloping walls. It was filled with rough stones and shards splintered from the body of the butte itself. Then Doc uttered an exclamation. He pointed.

"Jim Blazer?" Bill Corner said. "He—he's dead!"

"Dead as a doornail!" Doc said, performing his medical duty by his Sheriff's badge. He cupped his ear, held up a hand for silence. "Shhhh. Somebody's climbin' up the cleft."

They got behind a big boulder and watched. A man climbed out of the cleft mouth and went directly over to Jim Blazer's body.

"Reach!" Doc called softly.

Bud Kitchner straightened and whirled. He didn't have time to draw. Doc shot the straps of the holsters clean through. They fell.

After that, Bud didn't resist. He went quietly, after first having helped Keever. Doc and Bill to erect a cairn of stones over Jim Blazer. At the base of the butte, they tied Bud on his cayuse, got their own and rode into town at a leisurely pace.

"Bud killed Jim to get the ranch and money," Doc said as they rode. "No doubt of that. Then he dragged Jim's body up Glassy Butte. He had a good reason. Bud knew murder can't be proved until you find a corpse." He looked at Bud. Bud nodded helplessly.

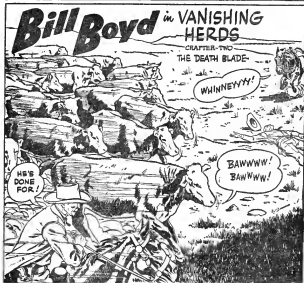
"But Bud forgot he needed a body to prove death, so the heir, namely Bud, could inherit," Doc continued. "I told him that. So Bud went back to the butte. He planned to drag Jim's body down and leave it lying where it could be found. After all, there wasn't much anybody could do to connect him with the murder. That is, until now, eh, Bud?" Doc asked genially.

"Guess not," Bud said.

**B**UT how inarnation did you figger Jim's body was atop the butte?" Keever asked. "If we hadn't found it, we'd never have spotted Bud coming back to a body only he knew where to find."

"That was a hunch—but a good one," Doc said. "I was lookin' through my back room window, and I saw two buzzards circlin' over the butte. It could have been a brother buzzard they were lookin' down at. Or it might have been Jim Blazer. And it was!"

THE END









I TELL YOU I DIDN'T GIVE THAT KITE SIGNAL! THAT FOOL DIDN'T HOLD ON IT AND HE STARTED TO FLY IT BACKSIDE I COULD STOP HIM! THEN THAT WASSER BILL BOYD, SACKED UP—JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU!

WELL—YOU HAD MY BUSINESS LEARNIN' THE KITE AROUND SO THE KID COULD GET IT! WE ALMOST BOKE INTO A TRAP!

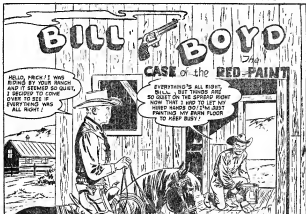
WELL—BOND WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE! HE DRY-SUCKED THAT HORSE! BUT I FIDDER THINGS ARE GETTIN' MIGHTY UNCOMFORTABLE, AND WED BETTER MAKE OUR BIG MOVE!

THAT'S WHAT THE BOSS SAID! HE'S ON HIS WAY HERE NOW TO MAKE PLANS FOR THE BIG DEAL! I FIDDER HE'LL BE JAWIN' ANY MINUTE!









## ROUND UP TIME

You may have wondered what kind of head-dress the Indians used. Well, generally speaking, he didn't use any. His only head-wear was for decoration. The war chief's head-dress was quite ornamental and varied with different tribes.

The best-known head-dress of the Indians was the war headdress, worn only by the chiefs. Each feather in it had to be won through bravery. Some chiefs preferred the head-dress made from the hair of a buffalo's head, with the horns left in place.

The ordinary brave had to be content with only a feather or two tied to his hair at the back.

The Apaches tied a band of cloth around their heads to keep the hair out of their eyes.

After the white man's arrival on the west some Indians adopted the broad-brimmed hat of the Frontier.









I DON'T KNOW,  
HE WAS READING  
FOR THE REPORT  
THE LAST TIME  
I SAW HIM.

THE DEPOSITORS  
TRYING TO BRAP  
TOWNLINE OUT  
TO CATCH HER  
BEFORE THE TRAIN  
LEAVES.

THAT TEAM IS SCHEDULED  
TO LEAVE ANY SECOND!  
COME ON, TOPPER,  
THERE'S NO TIME  
TO LOSE!

**T**OPPER CARRIERS ARE MASTERFUL WITH THE STICK OF WOOD TO THE POINT

THE TRAIN IS PULLING OUT.  
I'VE GOT TO GET ON  
SOMEHOW!

THESE ARE THE  
ONLY WAYS

1000

**THE FIRST THING TO DO IS  
PULL THE EMERGENCY BRAKE  
TO STOP THE TRAIN!**

**WHAT DOES IT HOW  
TO FIND  
GAIN?**

**THE END**

Figure 1 consists of four bar charts labeled (a) through (d), each showing the percentage of respondents for different age groups across various demographic categories. The age groups on the x-axis are 18-24, 25-34, 35-44, 45-54, 55-64, and 65+.

- (a) Gender:** Shows the percentage of respondents for each gender (Male, Female) within each age group. The y-axis represents the percentage of respondents (0% to 100%).
- (b) Education:** Shows the percentage of respondents for each education level (High School, Bachelor's, Master's, Doctorate) within each age group. The y-axis represents the percentage of respondents (0% to 100%).
- (c) Income:** Shows the percentage of respondents for each income bracket (Less than \$10,000, \$10,000-\$20,000, \$20,000-\$30,000, \$30,000-\$40,000, \$40,000-\$50,000, \$50,000-\$60,000, \$60,000-\$70,000, \$70,000-\$80,000, \$80,000-\$90,000, \$90,000-\$100,000) within each age group. The y-axis represents the percentage of respondents (0% to 100%).
- (d) Employment:** Shows the percentage of respondents for each employment status (Unemployed, Part-time, Full-time) within each age group. The y-axis represents the percentage of respondents (0% to 100%).







# BILL BOYD

## in BANK ROBBERY

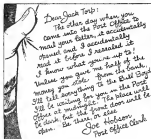


TRAINWRECK IN FRONT OF THE  
BLANKHOUSE AT THE  
WALKING T RANCH—













# BAD BREAK

By Clement Good



**A** NEWSPAPER had been tacked up against the inside of the cabin's only window. But the paper had blown out just a little at the bottom so that a tiny crack of light showed through. A pasty faced man known as "Weasel" was crouched down on the soft earth beside the cabin, peering through the little opening. His eyes were greedy.

The eyes focused on the pile of yellow dust, glittering in the light of the coal oil lamp. And Weasel's pointed ears heard the words, "Well, we've made our stake. We can pull out now and head for town."

Inside the cabin, Kevin O'Toole grinned back at his partner, Rusty Green, and responded, "Yes, we've made our stake. But I think if we work a couple of days more, we can do even better."

Rusty fingered the battered scales on which the partners had been weighing their dust. "Maybe you're right," he observed. "I reckon I am never going to be so rich that I couldn't stand being a mine staker. Well, let's get this back into the hiding place as long as we intend to stay for awhile."

The gold dust was carefully returned to a bag and Weasel's eyes watched as a brick was removed from the fireplace and the treasure thrust underneath. Weasel crept silently away from the cabin. He wore Indian moccasins and walked with the tread of a cat. Presently he came to a clump of cottonwoods where his horse was tied. He mounted and headed for town.

In the Red Dodge saloon, Weasel huddled with big, black-browed Buck Dulzer. They stood at the far end of the bar, away from the group of cowpokes lined near the front of the cafe. Weasel talked from the side of his mouth and his whisper was coarse. Buck chewed on a fat cigar and maintained a poker face as he listened. "... and they've really got a good pile

of the stuff," continued Weasel. "It's hid under the fireplace. Let's get Joe and Smoky and go right out there now. They're all alone in that cabin. We shoot them down, take the stuff, and nobody knows who did it."

"Are they all through panning?" asked Buck.

"No, they're aiming to work a few more days."

"Well, then we wait a few more days," said Buck, tipping his cigar up and down as he talked. "Let them get some more gold and make it real worth while." Weasel put up no argument. As far as he was concerned, Buck, being bigger, stronger and brainier, was the boss.

Morning found Kevin O'Toole looking down at the soft earth outside the cabin window and frowning. "Come here, Rusty," he called. "Look here!" he said, pointing down as his partner approached.

"What?" asked Rusty.

"Footprints!" said Kevin. "Moccasin tracks!"

"An Indian on the prowl," exclaimed Rusty.

Kevin shook his head. "I don't think so, Rusty. I think it's a paleface. I think that four-skinned hombre they call Weasel has been snooping. He's been caught at it before, leaving the same tracks. And you know what that means."

Rusty's usually laughing face clouded up. He responded, "It means Weasel told Buck Dulzer we've got enough gold to make a stickup worthwhile. It means we're dead ducks! We'd better pull out right now and make a run for town."

Kevin stroked his chin, thoughtfully. "No good! We'd be easy prey on the trail. They'd jump us in the pass. And, by the way, why do you reckon they didn't move in last night after Weasel passed the word along?"

As if the misfortune of having Weasel spy on the prospectors were not enough, word of a further piece of ill luck was spread around town shortly before noon. Weasel passed the

news to Buck. "Rusty was in town trying to find the Doc. His pard, Kevin, had a bad fall and broke his leg!"

Buck took out his cigar and replied, "Then that changes our plan, but makes it easier for us. Round up the boys. We'll go out to their cabin right away. With one of them laid up, we'll have even better odds. Four-to-one!"

Four horsemen, led by Buck Dulzer, took the narrow horse trail that skirted the ledge above the rutty wagon road. As they neared the pass, Buck signalled for the others to halt. "A wagon's coming this way!"

Screened by outcroppings of brush, the men watched the road below. Presently they saw a buckboard moving slowly into view. A pack mule was hauling the wagon at a slow, steady pace. Beside the mule was Rusty, riding his swift palomino, firmly reining the fiery beast into a slow walk. In the wagon bed lay Kevin, flat on his back, with a thickly bandaged left leg thrust out straight before him.

"This mule is awful slow," growled Rusty.

"That's as it should be," responded Kevin. "If you tried to make speed on this road, you could run a busted leg into a compound fracture."

On the trail above, Weasel looked down and asked in his rough whisper, "Should we jump them now, Buck?"

"Hold on," Buck growled. "This is going to be even easier than I thought. Look! There's not a thing in that wagon except the guy with the busted leg. Rusty isn't packing a saddle bag. That means they haven't got the gold with them. They've left it back in that cabin, under the fireplace. We'll just mosey out there and take the whole kaboodle without even firing a shot!"

After the wagon had passed, the horsemen on the upper ridge moved on, slowly at first, then galloping.

Kevin pushed himself to a sitting position on the wagon bed. "Stop the mule, Rusty!" he said. "It's time to put your palomino in harness so we can make time. I heard horsemen on the upper ridge." Rusty wasted no words. He unhitched the mule, backed the saddle horse between the shafts, jumped to the driving seat and urged the palomino into a run. The buck-

board bounced and rattled as the palomino surged forward, full speed.

"How's the leg?" asked Rusty.

"Mighty uncomfortable! But full speed ahead!" responded Kevin, with a grin.

Buck Dulzer and his men sound the loose brick in the fireplace, and the hiding place underneath. But it was empty. Buck slammed his cigar to the ground and bellowed, "We've been tricked! Come on! After those gold dusters! We'll still catch them before they make town with that slow mule!"

Kevin heard the galloping hoofs first and yelled to Rusty, "Here they come!"

Rusty whirled, jumped from the driver's box to the wagon bed and flattened himself, stomach down, beside his partner, both facing backward as the palomino galloped on. Behind them, Buck and his three henchmen came rearing in a cloud of dust, their pistols barking, making red flashes in the gray of the alkali cloud. Slaps whizzed by, perilously close to the two men in the rocking wagon. "Hold your fire till they get a little closer," said Kevin. "All right. Now! Let them have it!"

In the wagon bed, two guns barked. Two men fell from their horses, knocked from the saddle by shoulder wounds. Buck and Weasel came on, guns spitting. Kevin and Rusty fired again. "Ow, my arm!" moaned Weasel, dropping back. "Ow, my wrist!" cried Buck, his gun falling from his limp hand.

**S**ECONDS later, the wagon had arrived in town. A bystander who heard about the fall, hollered, "We'll get the doc right away to tend that broken leg!"

"Never mind the leg," grinned Kevin. "Send the Doc and the sheriff out along the back road to find four owlhoots. The Doc can patch them and the sheriff can smother them!"

Rusty hauled his horse to a halt in front of the bank and asked the astonished banker to help him carry Kevin into the vault. "I might just as well really have a broken leg," grinned Kevin, as they carried him in. "I can't walk, anyway. Not with my whole leg bandaged and splinted with gold dust!"

THE END







CHECKY THING UP HIS PRISONERS, BILL PRODS THEM FOR INFORMATION!

START TALKING! WHAT DID JOE WANT LARS AND THE OTHERS HEADING FOR?

THEY'RE GOING TO KID TWO BORDERS' SPREAD! I WAS TO GIVE THEM A SIGNAL BY FIRING A KITE THAT WE HAD ENOUGH SPACE CLEARED IN THE CAVE HERE FOR THE LONGHORNS THEY RUSTLE!



HOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT THOSE TWO KILLERS, LARS AND SHORTY, WERE COMING ON THE BORDERS' SPREAD! LARS PLANTED THEM THERE TO GIVE HIM A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY! NOW THEY'RE GETTING READY TO HAVE BORDEN IN THE BACK!

WHAT WAS THAT KITE SIGNAL YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO GIVE THEM?

BY THE KITE, ONE HOUR BEFORE THEY START THE RAID!

COME ON, NIGHTS! WE'RE RIDING FOR THE SHERIFF IN TOWN!



SOON AFTERWARD, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

YOU MEAN IT IS LARS BEHIND THAT GAME?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE KILLED ARMS BOY'S FATHER TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY AND THEN PLANNED UP TO MISS LARS TO PIN THE BLAME ON TEST BORDEN TEN NIGHTS AGO! RUSTLE'S GENT TONK HIS SPEARS UP TO NOW! THEY WERE SAVING HIM FOR ONE BIG JOB!

AND WHEN THE RANGER HEARD ABOUT THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE, TATE AND SHORTY PLUGGED HIM IN THE BACK! AS SOON AS THEY GET THE SIGNAL, THEY'RE DRIVING BORDEN'S STOCK TO THE CAVE! CAN YOU HAVE A FORDS READY?

YES--BUT WHAT SIGNAL ARE THEY WAITING FOR? HOW DO WE KNOW EXACTLY WHEN THEY'LL STRIKE?



I'M GOING TO BE THE ONE WHO'LL SIGNAL THEM--WITH A LITTLE KITE WE PICKED UP! JUST HAVE YOUR MEN READY IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!



SPRINKLING WORTH BACK TO THE BAR.  
JEE-EE, BILL ARRIVED SHORTLY AFTERWARD!



BILL BOYD! WHAT'S  
THE PROBLEM?

PLUNTY!

B-BUT  
WHAT  
IS IT?

TRUST ME, MAY I?  
I CAN'T TELL YOU  
ANYTHING NOW  
EXCEPT THAT WE'RE  
ABOUT TO CLOSE DOWN  
ON THE RUSTLERS AND  
YOUR FATHER'S  
KILLER!



YOU CAN HELP, JIMMY! DO YOU STILL  
HAVE THAT KITE YOU FOUND NEAR  
DANIEL'S PLACE?



SURE!



THEN SET IT OUT AND START  
FINDING IT! AND KEEP FINDING  
IT FOR AN HOUR!

THAT'LL BE  
EASY!



A SHORT TIME LATER----

SHORTY AND TATE AREN'T HOME  
RIGHT NOW! THEY HAVEN'T BEEN FOR  
A FEW HOURS! I KNOW THEY'RE OUT  
WITH THE HERD! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE  
FOUND SOME EVIDENCE AGAINST ME!

NOT YOU, BORDEN! BUT  
IF YOU WANT TO SAVE  
YOUR BROOD, YOU'D  
BETTER LISTEN  
REAL CLOSE!



HAVN'T THERE  
ANYTHING I  
CAN DO?

JUST SIT TIGHT! I'M OFF TO TEND  
BORDEN'S SPREAD! ALL I CAN TELL  
YOU IS THAT A LOT OF THINGS YOU  
RIGHT HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT  
HIM JUST AREN'T TRUE!



AFTER BILL QUICKLY EXPLAINS ABOUT THE  
RUSTLER GANG----

THEN IT WAS UNSE--AND HE  
PLANTED SHORTY AND TATE  
WITH ME UNTIL THEY WERE  
READY TO CLEAN ME OUT!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
BUT YOU AND I  
ARE GOING TO  
STOP THEM!







# Tex Ritter

## and the KILLER BAIT

AS A PRISON SANGER, TEX RITTER HAD LIVED MORE THAN ONCE WHEN TACKLING WITH OUTLAW GANGS. BUT WHEN HE HIT THE TRAIL AFTER THE DEADLIEST KILLER IN THE WEST, TEX HAD TO PUT HIMSELF AMONG THE LAW AND RELY ON HIS SMOKING GUNS AND BRAVE COURAGE TO FEND OFF THE SPECTRE OF DEATH THAT STALKED HIS PATH!



IN THE CHIEF PRISON SANGERS' OFFICE ...

AS SOON AS THE BLACK MASK GOT OUT OF JAIL, HE FORMED A NEW GANG AND THEY'VE BEEN TERRORIZING THESE PARTS EVER SINCE! I WANT SOME OF THE SANGERS AFTER HIM---AND THEY WERE FOUND DEAD! YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE, TEX!

HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTIONS?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET CLOSE TO THE BLACK MASK-- AND THAT'S TO JOIN HIS GANG! HE'S OUT IN THE BADLANDS SOMEPLACE!

JOIN THE BLACK MASK?







HOURS LATER, NO NIGHT BLANKETS THE BADLANDS ---THE HIDE-OUT OF EVERY KILLER AND OUTLAW SOUGHT BY THE LAW....











JEFF IS STRANGELY SILENT AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT.

THERE'S THE LOOK FROM THE BRONCO, BLACK MASK!  
DOES THAT LET US IN?

I RECKON SO! BUT WHAT 'YUH GOT TODAY IS CHICKEN FEED! WE'RE GOING AFTER SOMETHING BIG!



THE GOVERNMENT IS SENDIN' A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD BULLION TO THIS TERRITORY BY A HEAVILY-GUARDED TRAIN. AND I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW WE CAN GET IT!



WHEN THE TRAIN REACHES THE HIGH VIADUCT ACROSS DEVIL'S CANYON WE'LL BLOW IT UP! WE'LL SEND THE TRAIN CRASHIN' A HUNDRED FEET! AFTER IT LANDS, WE CAN GO DOWN AND GET THE MONEY.



BUT A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED. THERE WON'T BE A PERSON ALIVE ON THAT TRAIN AFTER IT FALLS.



IN AFTER THE MONEY -- NOT TO SAVE LIVES!

I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACK MASK!

THAT TRAIN IS SCHEDULED TO CROSS THE VIADUCT AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK. BUT WE'RE GOING TO BE THERE A LITTLE AHEAD OF TIME TO PLANT SOME DYNAMITE!

COME ON, WHITE FLASH! WE HAVE TO INTERCEPT THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE THAT TRAIN!

WHERE'S SWAMPER GOIN' F? RECKON I'LL FOLLOW HIM.



A WHILE LATER....



WHOA! HOLD UP THERE!

TEX QUICKLY OUTLINES THE PLANS OF BLACK MASK!

TELL THE SHERIFF TO BRING THE POSSE AT THE UNDECK! GIVE HIM THIS NOTE OF INSTRUCTIONS!

YUH BET, TEX! SHOOTING IS TOO GOOD FOR A WARDENING COYOTE LIKE THAT!



MY SUSPICION WAS PLENTY RIGHT! I BETTER GET BACK TO THE BLACK MASK AND TELL HIM WHAT I'VE LEARNED!



SOON AFTER, BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT ---

WHEN I MET UP WITH HIM, I DON'T ASK HIM FOR A LEADMAN, BUT HE HANDED THE PONY RIDER A NOTE.

I HAD A BENCH WE COULDN'T TRUST HIM! HE PROBABLY SENT WORD TO THE SHERIFF TELLING HIM WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!



THERE'S ONE MORE THING, TOO. I DON'T SAY ANYTHING BECAUSE I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEARING THINGS. BUT WHEN WE ROBBED THE STAGE TODAY, A SHERIFF RIDING WITH IT CALLED BRANDER BY A NAME I DON'T CATCH!



HORE HE COMES NOW, BOSS.

REACH FOR THE SKY, YUH DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!



WHAT'S THIS? SOME KIND OF JOKE?

YEAH---BUT THE JOKE'S ON YUH! SEARCH HIM, LUD!

THEY RESPECT SOMETHING. I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY MOVE---AND FAST!









THE MURDEROUS AMBUSH CATCHES THE TRAIN CREW BY SURPRISE!

A LITTLE...MORE...  
---AND THESE  
ROPES---WILL  
BE---OFF!WE  
GOT  
THE  
GOLD!THERE'S  
ONE MORE  
JOB WE  
HAVE TO  
DO!ALL RIGHT, JEFF!  
WE DON'T NEED  
HIM ANY MORE!  
NOW YUH CAN  
FLAK HIM!

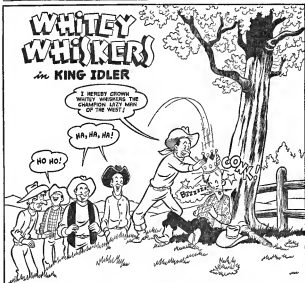
NOW--?

WHAT ARE  
YUH WAITING  
FOR?I-I NEVER SHOT  
A HELPLESS  
MAN BEFORE--  
AND I WON'T DO  
IT NOW, EITHER! HW  
AND GIVE HIM A  
CHANCE TO DE-  
FEND HIMSELF  
PROPERLY!YORE SQUEEZER---JUST LIKE  
YORE BROTHER WAS! WHEN  
THE POSSE RAIDED US, HE  
DON'T WANT TO SHOOT A  
WOUNDED LUNNIN---SO I  
LET HIM HAVE IT!YUH--  
YUH SHOT MY  
BROTHER!SURE! I NEVER DID LIKE WEAK  
SHIRTS! RITTER WASNT  
LEADING THAT POSSE---  
BUT IT DOESNT MATTER  
NOW!AS JEFF CRUMPLES TOWARD THE GROUND, TEN  
FREEZES HIMSELF!YUH--YUH DOUBLE-  
CROSSING, GRINERY  
AGH!



# WHITEY WHISKERS

in KING IDLER











**MIDNIGHT AT THE MARIO VALLEY GENERAL STORE --**







YOU WERE  
WELL, LATER,  
HITCH! NOW I  
RECKON WE  
OUGHT TO GET  
OUT OF ARID  
VALLEY AS  
SOON AS  
POSSIBLE!



I'LL SAY I AM! MIM  
SAFE WAS CLEANED  
OUT LAST NIGHT! AND  
THE REGULAR PART  
OF IT IS, I FOUND  
ALL THE WINDOWS  
AND DOORS LOCKED  
WHEN I GOT AWAY!  
WHENEVER CAME IN  
LAST NIGHT HAD A  
KEY!



BUT, BOSS,  
DID YOU  
AND I HAVE  
ANY IDEA  
WHO COULD  
SUSPECT FELIX?  
BUT FOR GOD  
TIMES OVER, I  
DON'T DARE  
NOT DARE TO  
SAY ANYTHING  
ABOUT THEM TO  
ANYONE! I'M  
JUST GOING TO  
LET  
YOU DO!



BUT WHEN WORD GETS AROUND  
WHY YOU FROD ME, IT'LL BE THE  
SAME AS TURNING ME OVER TO  
BILL BOYD. NO ONE IN ARID  
VALLEY WILL EVER TRUST ME  
AGAIN! I WON'T BE ABLE TO  
GET A JOB! IT ISN'T FAIR,  
CONSIDERING I'M INNOCENT!



I'VE GOT NO  
CHOICE, FELIX!  
I CAN'T TAKE  
ANY CHANCES  
ON BEING  
CLEANED OUT  
AGAIN!  
OHH, MR. HALL-  
BURY, BUT I CAN  
SEE WHY RETURN  
IS RUINED IN THIS  
TOWN! I'LL JUST  
HAVE TO MOVE ON  
TO SOME OTHER  
PLACE WHERE THEY  
DON'T KNOW ME!



SINCE I DON'T OWN A HORSE  
AND HAVEN'T EVEN GOT STAGE  
COACH FARE, I OUGHT TO HEAD  
FOR SPOON TOWN! IT'S THE  
CLOSEST CITY TO ARID  
VALLEY!



HOW COMES THE RANNEY WITH THE BAR 20 BYROLL,  
SO, SON? YOU RIDE UP THE TRAIL HAVE AND KEEP  
AN EYE OUT FOR ANY  
STRANGERS!  
OHH, HITCH!



DROP THAT MONEY BAG  
AND STICK YOUR  
HANDS UP!  
(GULP!) A  
HARSHMAN!  
GIDDAP!









BUT THE FEARLESS BILL BOYD  
CAN NEVER FALTER!

I BEGON THIS ROCK WILL HAVE  
TO DO THE TRICK!



HITCHCOCK  
HAS NOT  
BUT BOYD  
SO AM  
WOODS-  
ING WHILE  
BILL  
BOYD  
IS BUSY  
DICKING  
THE  
ROCK!



BUT BILL... HAS OTHER  
PLANS!



NOW I CAN  
CONCENTRATE  
ON YOU!



GIVE IT TO HIM, BILL -  
I FOUND THE DEAD BODY  
---AND THAT'S NOT ALL!



AND AFTER FELIX EXPLAINS--

THESE TWO WILL GO  
TO JAIL UNTIL THEIR  
TRIAL FOR MURDER,  
BUT YOU MADE A  
BIG MISTAKE -  
FELIX, BY NOT  
TELLING ME THE  
TRUTH! I WOULD  
HAVE BEEN ABLE  
TO HELP YOU  
SOONER!

I REALIZE THAT  
NOW, BILL,  
BUT AT THE  
TIME I WAS  
TOO EXCITED  
TO THINK CLEARLY!  
I CAN'T THANK  
YOU ENOUGH  
FOR SAVING  
MY LIFE!



NOW I'LL RETURN THE  
MONEY TO MA.  
HALLOWEEN!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!  
HE REALLY OWES YOU  
AN APOLOGY!



BUT HALLOWEEN DOES MORE THAN APOLOGIZE!

THAT'S RIGHT, FELIX!  
MAKING YOU  
PARTNER IS THE  
LUNNY I CAN DO  
TO SHOW YOU HOW  
SORRY I AM FOR  
ACTING LIKE A  
FOOL!

I'VE GOT TO WRITE AND TELL  
BILL - THIS GOOD  
NEWS! IT ONLY PROVES WHAT  
HE TOLD ME! IF YOU ONLY  
THE LAW, YOU'VE ALREADY  
REWARDED IN THE END!

HALLOWEEN AND FELIX  
GENERAL STORE

# Bill Boyd

WESTERN

COMIC  
*Annual*

